

The Web of Destiny

By J. U. GIESY and J. B. SMITH
Copyright—The Frank A. Munsey Co.

"With a light, of course," returned Reich. "I had a pocket-light like what you fellows use, but I dropped it back there somewhere when Annie broke away. Well, Annie was in a little room with Lilly and I made her promise to take us out of here quick. I told you I had a gun and we were getting along all right when all of a sudden she ducked into a passage back there and knocked my light out of my hand as she did it. Then I heard you people behind us, and we ran up here, and then you yelled. Lilly screamed, and I was so surprised I grabbed her and dragged her into a side passage up there, and that's about all. Let's get out."

"Good boy!" exclaimed Sheldon. "I reckon this has got a dime novel skinned to death. Where'd that she-wolf go to anyway?"

"I don't know," said Reich. "There's about a million of these and she ran off in the dark. But I guess we can follow her tracks back with your lights."

"Listen!" Dual commanded.

We obeyed on the instant and it seemed that somewhere feet were running. Their echo came in dull, thudding falls through the darkness, not one but many, as of a body of people within the alleys which honeycombed the hill.

"Back," hissed McKabe. "Beat it. Stick together."

"Stand where you are," said Dual.

On the word light filled the blackness.

Overhead, before and beyond us, the swinging incandescents grew luminous and glowed at the bidding of a hand unseen. All the tunnel's length grew visible in the glare, and into its sweep, springing out of the mouth of a passage, came a woman's form.

It was still clad in black, but its hat was gone, and the tumbled hair on its head hung in tendrils and strands above a face distorted by every savage emotion. She leaped out and turned toward us, and at her back ran a pack of yellow wolves.

My heart bounded and seemed to stop as I gazed upon them racing to the attack. The light struck upon their yellow faces, their glaring eyes, and snarling lips.

Some of them ran in flapping garments, some of them half naked as they had sprung from sleep. Their naked torsos glistened under the lamps as they strained forward behind their leader.

Light was flashing from the gleaming blades of knives clutched fast in bony fingers and shone on yellow teeth in half opened animal mouths.

They boiled out of the mouth of the passage like a yellow wave, and turned down upon us where we stood.

Greek Annie pointed at us. Her voice rose in a scream.

"Kill them. They're stealing the girl. Slay them and spare not. Kill!"

McKabe sprang past me, drawing his police weapon. I reached for my own. My glance fell on Sheldon at the moment.

The old fighter had lost his hat somewhere in the tunnels, and his hair glowed grizzled in the light of the incandescents over his head. Beneath it his face was set into a snarl of a creature at bay; his lips drawn back, his eyes glaring.

He had drawn his revolver and was swinging it loosely in his hand in the manner of the gunman of old, ready to lift it and fire swiftly from the hip. I thought with a sense of satisfaction that he would give a good account of himself, and that before the commands of the woman heading the yellow pack could be fulfilled, some of her wolves would die. I even resolved somewhat grimly that I would add to the score myself.

I looked for Reich. He stood somewhat to the rear of the others, close beside Lilly Lawton, who had sunk down in a huddled heap and hidden her face in her arms.

Dual, too, I noticed had drawn out an automatic and was holding it ready.

So much I thought in an instant of time, while Greek Annie led her pack into the tunnel and turned toward us, still leading the charge.

One thinks fast at such times, and I glanced back to find that some twenty feet still separated us from the yellow horde. In that moment I lifted my weapon, my finger went to the trigger, and then—

"Stop!"

The word boomed out in irresistible command, with a subtle power such as only Dual could have given to it at such a time. For it was calm, positive, arresting in its intonation. Under its sudden, whiplike demand the onrushing mob faltered and wavered, and lost headway.

For the first time, perhaps, they sensed that we were armed and would fight, and that some one besides ourselves would die; and perhaps it was all in the power of that word and the way it was uttered which reached their coiled brains and demanded obedience to one who spoke like that.

They paused and huddled in a restless, ragged front before us, with the dark, wild figure of Greek Annie between us and them.

And it was then that McKabe took action. I have said he was a very little man, and he proved it then. Even as her followers checked their advance he sprang forward, seized the woman by an arm, and dragged her back to our sides.

"Call off your dogs!" he gritted hoarsely. "Call 'em off or, so help me, I'll drop you. You ain't a woman, you're a she wolf, an' I got you. If they rush us, I'll drill you if it's the last thing I do. Call 'em off!"

"No!" she hissed at him shrilly.

"No!"

Dual spoke again. His voice rang out against the crowding figures like that of a master to slaves. Not that I understood one word that he said. It was the intonation, the subtle meaning which lay in accent and gesture.

He advanced slightly as he spoke until he stood almost midway between us and them. His figure towered like something majestic, and his words poured forth upon them in a steady stream of sibilant, almost musical rhythm, which rose and fell and ran on and on in variant gradations of sound.

And as he spoke it came upon me that this man I had known for so long was speaking to them in their own language; addressing them as a ruler of their country, as a mandarin of highest caste might have hurled contempt and contumely upon them.

For they covered away before the things he said. Like culprits before an implacable judge they shuffled and cast down their eyes, and drew back as though each might be seeking to escape too prominent observation.

Dual raised his arms and swept them forward as though driving them before him, and they retreated. He lifted one arm and pointed, and they fell back. And even as he ceased came the shrilling of whistles from behind, and I knew the police had arrived.

They came storming around the

angle where we had turned at Lilly's cry and charged down upon us. Their blue coats and glistening brass filled the passage from side to side. With them ran Lucile. I gave them one glance, and turned my eyes back to Dual and beyond him.

The passage was clearing. Like rats into their holes the yellow men of this underground world were leaping and darting in an effort at escape. Not one stood his ground against this menace of the force they feared and yet defied.

Without a word or a cry, or a sound save the pad of their feet, they turned in frantic flight, and left Greek Annie still in the hands of the grinning McKabe.

Upon her Reich advanced with a scowl and a threatening hand.

Staring into her face he spoke swiftly some words I did not understand.

Without any apparent reason Greek Annie laughed in his face.

Lucile had bent and lifted Lilly Lawton to her feet. McKabe snapped a pair of handcuffs on Annie's wrists and surrendered her to two of the policemen. We turned back along the underground tunnels to the room where the stairway ran up, mounted it, and came out in the back room of the squalid shop.

No one sought to bar our passage, and our sudden advent seemed to bring consternation to the proprietor of the place. He stood silent and staring while we made our way through to the street.

McKabe glanced up and down the thoroughfare and broke into a chuckle.

"Washington," he said. "Well, that's some tunnel. We came under one street and ran around in the half of a circle. Come on and we'll close this business up."

CHAPTER IX. Retribution.

The Hall of Justice stands at the corner of Washington and Kearney. A great gray sandstone oblong, its massive walls and deep-set windows give it an appearance as immovable, as mighty, as unswayed and unswayable by any transient condition as the justice it was built to house, and as somber as the penalty of sin dealt out within its walls.

Here McKabe led us when once the underground passage had given us back to the upper air, and here was played out the last chapter in the tangled web of events which had led us to its doors.

He straightened as we passed beneath its portals, and the stoop went out of his shoulders until he seemed to have gained a couple of inches in height.

At the same time the shuffle fell from his feet, and he walked with a jaunty step. He scarcely seemed like the same man who had led us on our strange adventure, and he saw I noticed the change and grinned.

"Whew!" he whistled. "It's good to get rid of the stoop and the shuffle, Grace, and stand up straight again. Exit the Chinatown guide. It's a good part, but tiring sometimes."

He broke off and spoke to a man coming down the hall.

"Captain Connel still here?"

"I think so," replied the other and saluted. "Shall I see?"

"If you will," said McKabe. "Tell him Mac's here. He'll understand."

We stood in a group and waited while the man retraced his steps down the hall and rapped on the door of a room. In a moment he struck his head through the doorway, stood so for a moment, and withdrew it to beckon us to advance.

We went down the corridor and turned through the door which the officer held open.

Directly before us sat a heavy set, florid man, well past the middle age mark, of an almost military erectness and set of shoulders. He swept his eyes over the party and nodded to McKabe.

"Back so soon, Mac?" he questioned. "What luck?"

"The best captain. We found the girl and we've got the woman who trapped her." He waved a hand at Annie. "The rest are the friends of Miss Lawton," he continued and introduced us in turn.

Captain of Detectives Connel made his acknowledgement shortly and turned to Dual.

"I understand that you have conducted this case until this evening, according to Miss Foote," he remarked. "I suppose you wish to make a formal charge against the woman?"

"Of course," replied Semi. "But before we proceed would it be too great a trouble to ask you to ascertain if a message addressed to me in care of the department has been received here today?"

"Addressed how?" asked Connel.

"To Semi Dual."

The captain nodded and picked up a phone at his elbow; spoke briefly and turned back to Dual.

"They've got it," he continued. "They'll send it up at once."

Dual bowed and sank into a chair.

"I desire to see it before making my complaint," he advised.

Reich had found a seat beside Lilly. Sheldon and Lucile and I sat together. Annie sat alone, rigidly upright and defiant. McKabe was perched on the arm of a chair.

"Good work, Mac," the captain addressed him.

"More likely to have been a funeral too but for Mr. Dual here," returned McKabe. "This dame," he glanced at Annie, "tried to have a bunch of China boys rush us."

Captain Connel's eyes narrowed.

"So? Went as far as that did you?"

he queried. "Well, now you can travel a different road farther."

"I'll have company, maybe," she sniffed.

A rap came on the door and a patrolman entered with an official, yellow envelope in his hand. Connel waved him with it to Dual. Semi took it and ripping it open scanned it once, smiled faintly as in satisfaction and placed it in his pocket.

"And now, captain, I want you to listen to Miss Lawton's story," he remarked.

Connel nodded and Semi spoke to Lilly.

"Tell us all about it, my child," he directed.

The girl shivered, straightened herself slightly and began:

"I guess you all know about the message telling me Homer here was hurt and not expected to live. Colonel Mac would tell you that of course, I suppose."

Her eyes ran among us and Sheldon nodded.

"I told 'em," he said.

"Well, then," Miss Lawton continued. "When I got to Salt Lake a little dark complexioned man met me. He looked something like an Italian and he came up and asked me if I was Miss Lawton, and I said I was, and he said he was Dr. Morehouse. Then he told me Homer was dead."

She paused and put out a hand to lay it upon Reich's.

"It was an awful shock, and I began to cry. He told me to try not to, and asked me where I was going to stop. I told him, I'd see Homer, anyway, and then go back home, and he said he would fix it for me to see the body at an undertaker's, and that in the mean time he would take me to the house of a friend of his and ask the lady there to let me lie down till I felt better."

She sobbed; then went on:

"Well, he did and he took me to what looked like a sort of cheap hotel and took me in, and told a woman there about me, and asked her to let me lie down. She took me to a room and told me to lie down on a bed, and the doctor said he'd give me something to settle my nerves and he fixed something and made me drink it."

"I guess I must have gone to sleep, because the next thing I knew it was dark and I got up and felt sick and dizzy, and when I tried to go out of the room the door was locked. I called and pounded on the door, and after a time, a heavy set, dark man came and threatened me if I didn't keep quiet. I was dreadfully scared and I didn't know what to do, so I went back to the bed and sat down and tried to think."

"Then after a bit this woman here," she pointed to Annie, "came and unlocked the door. She was dressed like a servant and brought me some supper. I asked her what they meant to do with me and she told me that I had been captured by the white-slave people and that they'd sell me after a bit. I offered her money to get me out and help me escape and

she just laughed and said it was as much as her life was worth, and went away."

"I didn't sleep that night. I couldn't. I cried and I thought and I prayed, and I tried to get out of the window, but it was nailed down and I was afraid they'd hear me if I tried to break it open. Then the next day this woman came back and told me that she'd been thinking and that she was sorry for me and that she'd try to help me get away, and I gave her what money I had and told her I knew Colonel Sheldon would give her more if we got away. I thought that would surely make her help me, if she thought she'd get more out of it later. She said all right, and that I should keep quiet and she'd watch for a chance."

"Then one morning she came in and said, that the man and woman had gone out for an hour, and now was our chance. So we got out of the house and ran through the block and got to an electric train and went to Ogden, and went to a lodging house close to the depot. I wanted her to let me send a message from there, but she said no, that it was too close, and that when they missed us they'd have their agents watch the telegraph office and that we must come here, because they'd think first that we'd started back to Goldfield, and wouldn't think of our coming here till later. And that afternoon we took a train and came here, and they took me up where you found me, and down to that underground room and shut me in and took my clothes away, all but a kimono."

"Then, tonight, she came to me just a little while before Homer came and told me that a Chinaman was going to buy me, maybe, and made me dress, and then Homer came running up and spoke to her and made her lead us away from there and we went along a lot of passages, and finally she broke away from Homer and ran off, and he dropped his light, and we went on, and then I heard Colonel Sheldon call to me, and I screamed. "Homer didn't think I'd heard anything, and he told me to be still and pulled me into another passage, and then we saw your lights and heard you call again, and Homer spoke to you, and you know the rest. But you can't know what I suffered—what I felt—what I feared—or how I resolved to find some way—to die."

She broke off, her voice choked with an emotion beyond words to express.

Lucile moved to her side and drew her into her arms with a gesture of protection. Sheldon spoke.

"Never you mind Lilly girl. It's all over now. I reckon, an' you kin come straight home again an' fergit all about it."

(To be Continued.)

A VACATION FROCK OF NATURAL LINEN



Here is a pretty little frock for the vacation days of the younger miss. It is natural colored linen with bands of hand crochet at the waist, collar and cuffs. It is a very practical frock for it does not show the soil easily and it has a deep hem which is a necessity with the growing girl.



Good Sight is Priceless

Dollars and cents don't count

Why then abuse or neglect nature's greatest gift? Wear glasses if you require them and—

Come to us for the glasses necessary

THE L. BECKMAN CO.

New Location
323 ST. CLAIR ST.
TOLEDO, OHIO

TOLEDO INSTITUTE OF MUSICAL ART

Corner Jefferson Ave. and 12th St.

Toledo, Ohio

Francis F. Tische, President
Harry E. King, Vice-President and Treasurer
Frank E. Miller, Secretary
Leon Sampaix, Musical Director
John C. Bostelmann, Jr., General Manager

Board of Directors.

Francis F. Tische Robinson Locke
Marie Celeste Stranahan Harry E. King
John C. Bostelmann, Jr.

FACULTY

Pianoforte.

Leon Sampaix Sophie Pratt Bostelmann
Dowena Rosendale Louise E. Tewksbury
Irma Krabill Bernice Weis

Ruth VanDoren Harrison

Violin.

Archibald C. Jackson Elizabeth Bennett

Adolph Loeb John C. Bostelmann, Jr.

Cello. Theory Harmony, Etc.

Julius Sturm Louise Tewksbury

Musical History Leon Sampaix

Louise Tewksbury John C. Bostelmann, Jr.

Academic Year Begins Tuesday, September 10th.

Thorough instruction morning, afternoon or evening to

beginners, amateurs or professionals. One and one-half hours'

instruction each week to each student. Terms, payable monthly,

\$40.00 per year upward, according to the degree of advancement,

one standard of excellence prevailing in all departments. Regis-

trations now being made. Year book mailed upon request.

How Can We Do It?

Every day this question is asked us. The reason is—60 stores. Buying most, we buy for less—selling most, we SELL for LESS.

G. R. Kinney Co., Inc



Durable Calf or comfortable Kid shoe All Sizes \$2.98 Like cut

Cushion soled shoes can be had in lace or button, all sizes

\$1.98

For Dress This is the shoe

Comes in black kid or calf with cloth top. Sizes 2½ to 6.

\$2.98

These are good shoes at a saving of from \$2 to \$3.



Men's Sock Special

Mixed work hose

\$2.15 a Doz.

These are real values—seamless toe and heel.



G. R. KINNEY & CO., (Inc)

516 Jefferson Ave., TOLEDO, OHIO

BLACKWELL WELDING CO.

WE WELD ALL METALS

2012 JEFFERSON AVE. TOLEDO, OHIO